Trope: Coffee Shop AU (Spacedogs)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

When a new coffee shop opens across the street from his work, Adam is instantly intrigued. And that intrigue is most definitely held by the rich scent of alpha mixed with coffee and pastries. It isn't long before he's amending his schedule to include regular trips to see his new friend.

Prequel to Trope: Coffee Shop AU (Hannigram AU)

Chapter 1

The coffee shop opened in the summer and Adam might not have noticed it if not for two things - firstly that it was just across the street from where he worked. And secondly, it had an unusual name.

Puns could be a little hit and miss for him, but he knew New York had its fair share of independent establishments that had, what Harlan called *kooky* names. Plays on words and joke names that Adam thought a lot of the time were sort of stupid. It seemed bad for business that you would name your establishment something that people might not understand. Especially if potential customers weren't neurotypical, or perhaps were from overseas and didn't understand that your pun meant you sold sandwiches. One time Harlan had wanted to get lunch from a grilled cheese truck called *The Grillenium Falcon. It had taken him a little while to explain it to Adam, and he had seen Star Wars - despite how grossly inaccurate the movie was. It wasn't that he didn't know what the Millennium Falcon was, he just didn't know what it had to do with sandwiches!*

That was why the name of the new coffee shop intrigued him - because he found it both factually accurate and… not.

Bucharest Blends had been open a month before Adam finally decided to make a small window in his lunchtime routine to take a visit. He stood in the small queue, fidgeting and anxious, but knowing that this was outweighed by his need to know.

When he finally got to the till point he was immediately distracted by the rich scent of the alpha behind the counter. Normally he wasn't very keen on the smell of coffee, but mixed with the alpha's musk, it was very enticing. The alpha's scent was the strongest in the room and Adam couldn't help but wonder if it meant he was nearing or had just had his annual rut. He thought about asking but, to save having to stay any longer than necessary, he kept to his plan.

“I don’t believe that any coffee or specialities teas are blended in Bucharest. Coffee beans are grown in very specific conditions and altitude, in subtropical regions with well defined wet and dry season. Teas are commonly-”

“Fascinating.” The alpha cut him off gruffly, an eyebrow raised as he glaced at the queue behind Adam as a young girl bustled behind the counter trying to serve the next person. “Look gorgeous are you going to buy something or are you just here to hold up my lunchtime queue? The coffee and tea aren’t Romanian but the pastries are if-”

“No thank you.” Adam replied quickly and turned on his heel. It had taken less time than anticipated to get the answer to his question and so he was happy to be able to return to schedule all the sooner.

*

The Omega standing at the counter seemed familiar. It took Nigel a moment to place him as the strange kid who had come in a week or two earlier asking if the drinks were actually blended in Bucharest.

The memory brought a smile to his face.

Businesses with stupid names, of which there seemed to be many in New York, really irked him. With English as a second language, they didn’t always make sense immediately because it wasn’t like he learned American slang and colloquialisms in school. It took him longer than he would care to admit to understand the name of a bar he’d rolled into on his first night out in this city. Tequila Mockingbird was a stupid name!

It struck him as a ridiculous business idea and it was strangely validating having someone specifically come to the shop to ask about the name his establishment. He had agonised over the name but wanted to keep it something Romanian without actually using the language and confusing Americans. And the idea of coffee and tea blends was surely universal in this context so he was satisfied. As the omega had been apparently. Or at least he assumed so from the interaction.

He’d been too busy with the lunchtime crowd to think much on it at the time, but now he thought about it, he was glad to see the kid again.

“Coffee? Tea? You look like a cocoa sort of guy.” Nigel smiled, making the omega look up at him for a moment and then away again.

It was after office hours, and a Friday, always pretty quiet. People wanted something stronger than coffee when they finished work for the weekend. A few people sat here and there but there was no queue and he could give all his attention to the curious omega, which was something he found he was particularly inclined to do.

“I looked up Romanian pastries on the internet.” The omega said, abruptly. “I’m not sure I want to try any, I am very particular about what I eat.”

Nigel grinned, wanting the omega to look at him, but increasingly sure that there was something going on there. Maybe he was just shy?

"So, you don't want to eat my pastries? Do you want a drink? I mean, I'm not trying to rush you or kick you out, just curious as to whether you intend to buy anything, gorgeous."

The kid looked up at him then, sort of. His eyes only briefly finding Nigel's now and then as they focused on various other things behind him.

"You called me that before, but I don't actually know you. It seems inappropriate to use a term of endearment for a stranger." The omega frowned, as though trying to puzzle it out. "Do you call all strangers gorgeous?"

"Only the gorgeous ones, gorgeous." Nigel replied with his most charming grin. The omega's eyes locked on his for another moment, then his lips and then away again as his face coloured with the most beautiful blush Nigel had seen in a long while.

"Okay." The omega replied. "Good night."

And just like that he was out the door again, the few patrons at nearby tables looking up as he rushed passed them.

Nigel couldn't help but follow to the door and watch the direction he went in, already cursing himself. He always was a sucker for the beautifully strange ones.

*

It was the week before Halloween and Adam had decided that he was going to try one of the Romanian delicacies.

It had been on his mind for long enough that he had already felt the need to look into them and even visit the coffee shop to look at them. There was something very alluring about the Romanian food that had him willing to deviate from both his schedule and his usual foods.

Perhaps the desire was enhanced by the alpha? His scent, mingled with the unfamiliar foodstuffs, was strangely appealing. It was a Friday, again. He had noted from observing the shop as he came and went from his job, that after work Friday seemed to be the quietest time.

Despite his determination, he was tapping out a calming rhythm against his thigh as he entered the shop and made his way to the counter. The alpha wasn't there, which at least gave him a distraction free opportunity to look over the different foods. He had already done more research and was happy to acquaint himself with the options. He had read about a couple of items he might be daring enough to try but wasn't sure what the selection would be.

"Hello gorgeous." The alpha startled him, having appeared unnoticed behind the counter. "Have you come to tell me what else you're not planning on buying?"

Adam frowned as he tried to decipher the comment and expression, whilst ignoring the distractingly thickening scent. The alpha was grinning, so it seemed possible that he was joking with Adam rather than meaning the words as a scolding.

“No.” Adam replied. “This time I will buy something. I would like a slice of cozonac. Please.” He tried for his most pleasant smile, feeling a sudden desire to be pleasing to the alpha.

“Cozonac, huh?” The alpha reeled back a little. Maybe he was surprised that Adam knew of such things? Which was ridiculous considering there was a wide range of information to be had on the internet.

“Yes. In Bulgaria it is traditionally an Easter treat, however in Romania it is served for most major holidays.” Adam helpfully informed him. “So I assumed you would have some. As it is a leavened bread I think it might be something I won’t find too distasteful - I’ve had stollen before and bread in general I eat regularly.”

“Halloween isn’t a Holiday, darling.”

Adam frowned at the change in endearment and glanced at the alpha briefly to see that same smile as before. Either the alpha found him enjoyable to talk to or he was laughing at him, Adam knew people did that a lot and it wasn’t always easy for him to tell the difference.

He cleared his throat. “Not traditionally a public holiday, no. But Halloween is considered an informal holiday culturally, also I have noticed this past week that it is a holiday you appear to observe.” Adam gestured around the room with his hand at the variety of Halloween decorations. “So I... hoped.”

“You hoped to try cozonac? Well, far be it from me to disappoint anyone, much less a beautiful omega who is very particular about what they eat.”

Adam bristled a little and looked directly at the alpha, trying to work out if the smile was genuine.

“Please don’t call me that. It makes me uncomfortable.”

“What? Beautiful? But you are pretty beautiful darling.”

“Yes, but it’s inappropriate. You’re not my alpha.” Adam could feel his pulse quicken and started to tap his leg again. He never wanted to offend anyone, but had found that being truthful often did upset people. And for a moment the alpha grinned and frowned at once - which Adam was unsure what to make of - and looked like he was going to say something.

But instead there were a few moments of silence, in which he heard his pulse thudding in his ears, and then the alpha cleared his throat, his grin dropping to a more gentle smile as he finally replied -

“Of course. I apologise.”

Adam nodded his acceptance of the apology and took a breath, trying to calm himself now the potentially fretful moment had passed. Luckily he didn’t need to respond as the alpha continued -

“I do have cozonac.” The alpha replied gently with a very soft and enticing smile that drew a similar one from Adam.

*

Nigel started to lose count of the times the omega came into his shop. Always after work on a Friday if he did. He had ventured into some of the tea blends and once had a cocoa. He’d had cozonac a few times and Nigel found himself making it regularly just in case the omega dropped by.

There was something about the quiet kid that Nigel found appealing. His bluntness, his honesty, and yes he was attractive to a distraction. And his scent… it was so clean and fresh. Nigel could tell that the omega was very particular about his grooming, but also that he didn’t use any artificial products - no fancy scented shampoos or lotions that would change the overall natural scent. No, just pure omega and a little bit of end of the day sweat.

If Nigel had met him in a club or bar he might have fucked the kid senseless by now.

As it was something had already pinged in his brain.

It was the time the omega had come in and first asked for cozonac. Nigel had called him beautiful and the omega had replied that Nigel wasn’t his alpha. And damn, his first reaction had been to charmingly croon back “I could be.”

But he hadn’t. Because that just felt like the very wrong thing to do. It felt that way because he knew in that moment that those words were going to repeat over and over until they were a dull roar and all he could hear in his head was his own voice saying “I could be” and meaning it.

The love always drove him fucking crazy and in their brief meeting he had felt a spark that he had no clue if it was reciprocated. He only knew that there was the chance to spook this omega if he played it wrong. He didn’t really know what he was doing, what his end goal was, he just knew he wanted to keep seeing the omega and would do nothing to endanger that.

After another couple of visits Nigel rearranged the furniture a little so that the counter now had high stools at the end, allowing quite naturally for the omega to actually sit and talk with him rather than linger awkwardly and then leave. He started to eat and drink at the counter rather than take it to go. He often glanced at his watch as though anxious to get going, but anytime Nigel asked if he needed to pack it to go, if he had somewhere to be, the omega replied that he was happy to stay.

Even his assistant, Abigail, had noticed Nigel’s interest and had teased him about it on more than one occasion.

Now, on this bright December day, with the sunlight making the snow on the sidewalk glow, Nigel had decided he was going to ask the omega his name.

It felt increasingly awkward to have increasingly personal conversations with an increasingly interesting omega without even knowing his name. At this point they had discussed growing up in Romania (it was shit), where Nigel had learned to cook (his overbearing grandmother), and why he came to America (it seemed slightly less shit). In return he had asked the omega what he did as a job (electronics for a toy manufacturer - though apparently not one of santa's elves), what he liked to do on his days off (stargazing) and what was with the clockwatching (a propensity to stick to set schedules in order to make him more comfortable because of something called autism).

Nigel had looked it up and felt this weird warmth of affection spread across his chest at the thought of the omega breaking and remaking a schedule for him… or at least so he could come to the coffee shop. Probably for the cozonac. It was good cozonac even if Nigel said so himself.

That was when he had resolved to ask the omega's name, because when someone is making an alteration in their life for you like that it's only polite. Also Nigel was getting increasingly dissatisfied not knowing what name to cry out as he jerked off thinking about the omega in bed almost every morning.

The bell above the door rang and Nigel looked up to see the omega enter. He stopped for a moment and looked around, as though assessing the place. Nigel realised this would be the first time he'd been in since he put the Christmas decorations up the weekend before.

"There are a lot of decorations in here." The omega told Nigel as he walked to the end of the counter and sat himself in his regular stool.

"That is a fact. You got a problem with it?" Nigel grinned.

"No. It's very full."

"Kid, let me tell you, I grew up with nothing. The only decorations I had as a child were snowflakes cut from paper. Used to stick them to the window with the condensation and watch them slowly soak through and practically disintegrate. Ho ho ho, merry fucking Christmas. You got a problem with me going all out now?"

Nigel set down the already plated cozonac a little heavier on the counter than he had intended, making the omega jump. Before either of them could say another word, the kid was up and had bolted out the door, leaving Nigel muttering in his wake.

"Fuck."

*

The omega didn't return until the following Friday. It was a little busier than usual, being mid-December, people were out doing their Christmas shopping after work and needing to fuel up on coffee first.

When the omega came in, he stood awkwardly by the door for a moment and Nigel realised that the counter seats were taken. When it looked like the omega was going to turn and leave

he rushed forward.

“Wait… um… Just.” Nigel held up a hand to stop the omega leaving and then turned to the three people parked at the counter. “Hey, these seats are reserved, you mind moving over to the table over there?” He pointed and then added with a smile. “Free pastries in it for each of you.”

That did the job and the people moved whilst the omega still lingered in the doorway looking increasingly uncomfortable. Nigel went over to him and took his elbow to gently guide him to the quiet end of the counter and his usual seat. In the moment he took hold of the omega he felt two things - a burning need to touch him more (which he resisted) and no little relief that the omega didn’t pull away. He was in fact surprised and delighted when the omega instead, melted against him a little as though seeking reassurance and comfort.

Nigel stood next to his stool for a few minutes, shielding the omega from the rest of the room as he slowly calmed. His scent changing from the near acidic anxiety when Nigel had got to him, to something warm and fresh.

“Hey, I, uh, having something to show you.” Nigel said, trying to get back to all business. He went down and around the counter, picking up a few items and starting on a cocoa whilst he gathered himself a little. The omega’s scent and proximity was just a little too enticing.

“I’m sorry.” The omega blurted. “It was wrong of me to leave last time. I told my friend Harlan what happened and he said I should apologise.”

“For what?” Nigel asked, smiling all the same, just enjoying the renewed company.

“Either you were upset with me because I mentioned there were a lot of decorations, so I should apologise for that - even though there really are a lot of decorations. Or I misinterpreted that and shouldn’t have left so rudely, so I should apologise for doing so.” He looked at Nigel with a sort of imploring gaze and asked “which should I apologise for?”

“You don’t need to apologise for anything, gorgeous. It was clearly a misunderstanding. And you’re right. There are a lot of decorations in here… I just don’t care.” Nigel chuckled and was pleased to see that the omega smiled. Nigel cleared his throat. “Also… I know you don’t ever complain about it, which I admit I am glad of, but rather than just call you gorgeous - I feel like it would be good to know your name since we’ve been friends a couple of months now.”

Nigel was not at all sure what the make of the unpleasantly pleasant thudding in his chest.

The omega blushed and swallowed, opened his mouth to speak and then stopped. Took a deep breath and finally replied - “It was very rude of me to never say. It’s just… I don’t make a habit of talking with… I mean, I don’t really have many friends. I’m not always… I don’t always know… I… My name is Adam Raki.”

Nigel smiled and he realised the thudding in his chest had started to sound out Ad-am Ad-am

He felt colour flush warmly in his cheeks as Adam shyly made eye contact. Nigel turned away and finished off the cocoa before bringing it over.

"This is… uh, I wanted to show you this. Thought you might like it."

He set down the cocoa freshly garnished using one of the Christmas stencils he had purchased so that he could create little Christmas trees and other such festive patterns. Adam looked at him sweetly before taking the cup into his hands and said -

"Thank you Nigel."

Nigel's heart skipped a beat - Ad-am Aaaaaaad Ad-am.

He frowned at the omega, confused if delighted to hear him say his name for the first time. Adam grinned and pointed at Nigel's pinny, and the stupid badge Nigel had had made saying - "Nigel - sometimes happy to help."

This whole time the name thing had been one-sided and now he was just even more baffled and enamoured by the omega. The thudding was back - Ad-am Ad-am- so loud in his ears that he almost missed Adam looking down and exclaiming -

"This tree is made of stars."

Nigel looked at it, despite knowing for a fact that that was the case, before agreeing - "Yes it is gorgeous."

Adam Raki's smile was enough to make his heart burst.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

When Adam needs a friend, Nigel is there.

The week before Christmas, Nigel was surprised to see Adam on a Wednesday. He couldn't help the massive smile on his face at the sight of the omega, but it was quickly quashed by the clear scent of distress. It was the middle of the afternoon and Adam was carrying a box of random items. He pushed his way in through the door and then stood there, trembling.

Nigel rushed over and, with no care for propriety and the boundaries Adam liked to keep, took hold of his arms in what would have almost been an embrace had the box not been between them.

"Adam, what is it?" The words came out like a growl, Nigel's hackles rising at the omega's distress, a need within him to fix it by any means.

"I was fired."

Adam's tone was pitiful and it turned a sudden flash of anger within Nigel, into the need to comfort and calm.

"It's Christmas! Who fires someone at Christmas?!" Nigel guided Adam into the shop, passed his usual stool and around to the other end of the counter, into a quiet little alcove that only staff could access. He took the box from Adam's shaking hands and placed it down on the floor.

"It's ok, we can work this out." Nigel told him, now able to pull him into a hug and run his hand soothingly up and down Adam's back. He had never gentled an omega before and he found his heart growing as he did so, a soft rumble in his chest that seemed to settle Adam a little.

"They wanted cheaper not better." Adam mumbled against his chest, his hot breath there feeling a little too good, Nigel wasn't sure he was going to be able to break the embrace.

"It'll be ok. Adam, you're smart and funny and kind... and anyone would give you a job in a heart beat. We can work on it, I can help you. In the meantime, you… you can work here if you want? Just whilst you're between jobs, just so you have some cash and-" Nigel cut himself off from saying - *and so I can still see you all the time.*

Adam pulled back and frowned at him. "I have no idea how to use those coffee machines."

Nigel laughed. “Adam, I’m pretty sure you could take that machine apart and put it back together without a manual, *making* the coffee will be easy.”

“I’m not good with people.” Adam muttered.

“You’re good with me, and I’m the boss. That’s all that counts. You don’t need to be good with the customers, not like I would fire you.” Nigel knew he was pushing but the thought of Adam not working across the street and coming in had his guts twisting.

Adam let out a shuddering breath. “Maybe. I will have to think about it. I don’t know what to do. This morning I had a job. This isn’t a nice feeling.”

Nigel nodded. “I know gorgeous, I wish I could make you feel better.”

Adam looked up at him with sad eyes, and a weak smile. Before he even knew what he was doing, Nigel leaned in and pressed a soft, but probing kiss to Adam’s lips. He wanted to comfort the omega, help him, hold him - and his mind screamed that this was the way to do that. To care for *his* omega.

Adam reeled back and Nigel let him go, realising his mistake immediately and not wanting to make it worse by keeping the omega held to him.

As he moved, Adam tripped over the box that Nigel had set down, and Nigel reached out to stop him falling. There was a tangle then of trying to remain upright whilst stumbling from the alcove and into the counter. When Adam managed to right himself he swung around with a look of shock on his face, the motion knocking the hot pot of decaf from its place at the counter and down Nigel’s legs.

“Fuck!” He cried out as the searing heat drenched him. Most had missed him and now puddled on the floor, the pot smashing into it and scattering into its previous contents. A splash of it had caught above his knee and the pain burned into him.

“Nigel!” Adam exclaimed. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” He said over and over as he wrung his hands, clearly unsure what to do.

“Adam, it’s ok, I’m fine. It’s nothing. It wasn’t boiling, just a little warm.” Nigel half lied. It wasn’t going to leave a burn but it had been painful. The pain was quickly fading in the face of Adam’s renewed distress. “Honestly gorgeous, I’m fine. Look, let me get Abigail to lock up, I’m going to take you home so you can just, um... relax.”

*

Getting home was a bit of a blur to Adam. He zoned out at little as Nigel walked him the few blocks to his apartment, vaguely remembering giving directions and at one point clutching hold of Nigel’s arm and feeling more grounded for doing so.

It wasn’t just being fired and then hurting his best friend, it was more. He knew that as he well as he knew that Nigel *had* become his best friend, someone he wanted to spend time

with so much that he was further and further altering his comfortable routine. Someone he increasingly thought about whilst he masturbated in the shower before bed...

But it was *all* more than that and that almost as daunting as looking for a new job.

He'd felt that familiar pull of heat in his belly the moment Nigel had took hold of him when he entered the coffee shop. He'd felt reassured and calmed by the scent that had become so familiar to him. His heat wasn't due until after Christmas, but with the stress of the day and the comfort of the alpha, it seemed that it would be coming early. And Adam had always dreaded something like this happening. He planned his schedule meticulously around his heats, as much as he could - an attempt to maintain what control he able to at a time when control was almost impossible. Never had it come early before, and the thought of it was making Adam even more stressed - his hand thrumming against his thigh almost to the point of bruising.

By the time they got Adam's apartment building, he could feel sweat prickling his brow and slick starting to gather lightly between his thighs.

He knew Nigel realised it too when they got inside the building and the alpha clearly caught the scent. Nigel paled and swallowed hard, stepping back from Adam.

"Shit." He muttered before looking at Adam. "Are you going to be okay, do you… do you want… is there someone I can call?"

Adam shook his head as his face flushed, he felt terrible that Nigel had to know this about him. Of course, Nigel must know about heats, but omega's were always encouraged to be private about it. Adam was rarely private about it, because the need to do so struck him as pointless and he didn't like to do things that were pointless. He was very clear and upfront with people about his heats. But having Nigel standing there in that moment he didn't feel that way at all - he wanted to hide. He was glad he couldn't quite read the man's expression, glad that he couldn't gauge how upset he might be at having an omega going into heat before his eyes.

"I'm just going to go upstairs, thank you for walking me home Nigel. I'm sorry about everything."

"Adam, wait." Nigel went to reach for him and then stopped. "Could you… let me put my number in your phone, just in case. If you need anything please call me, even if it's just to drop off some groceries. Okay?"

Adam didn't want to. He wanted to get to his apartment and be alone and hurriedly prepare what he could for this early heat before he succumbed to it entirely. Even so, Adam nodded and shuffled his phone from his pocket whilst still holding his box of possessions. Nigel put in his number quickly and quietly and then placed the phone in the box.

"Please call me if you need anything, okay?"

Adam nodded and then hurried up the stairs.

*

Nigel didn't know if he was going to hear from Adam. He hoped he would, hoped the omega thought enough of him and their friendship that he would reach out for help if he needed it. Nigel thought about dropping around a batch of cozonac but wasn't sure the intrusion would be welcome.

After two very long days of nothing, Nigel got a text towards the end of the second day.

~Hello Nigel. I need milk for my cereal. Would you be able to put some by my door?

Nigel's heart lifted, glad to read something so together and also that Adam was contacting him in this way. He asked Abigail to lock up and grabbed a pint from the coffee shop kitchen before walking rather quicker than was necessary, around the Adam's.

He placed the milk on the matt outside Adam's door and then text back.

~It's at your door Adam. Do you need anything else?

Nigel heard a shuffling in the apartment, caught scent wafting under the door - Adam was in full heat now and it was the most delicious thing he had ever smelt in his life. He wanted to stay, he wanted to see Adam undone like that - how fucking beautiful he would look in heat. But he wasn't going to intrude, he had come to America with the intention of turning over a new leaf - being respectable. And this was definitely one of those times where he should put that into practice.

When he heard Adam coming towards the door, Nigel bolted.

His heart was beating so fast it was hard to breath, his entire focus being on doing nothing that this omega didn't want him to, nothing at all - ever - that didn't make Adam Raki happy. The realisation of how much the omega meant to him was a slow one, one built over many weeks and then finalised with something sharp, like a slap to the face.

"I'm fucked." He realised aloud.

It was a thought he repeated over and over as he made his way back to his own apartment.

He was in love with Adam Raki.

By the time he took out his phone out to place on his kitchen counter, he saw he'd received a message.

~Thank you Nigel.

Nigel sighed. He wasn't sure what he had expected, or hoped. He wasn't sure what he wanted.

No, that was a lie.

*

Nigel woke to the ringing of his phone. It was still dark, his room lit only by the moonlight glowing through his thin curtains.

He picked it up and recognised the number as Adam's from his texts.

"Adam?"

"I'm sorry." Came the quiet reply. "Thank you."

"Adam? What is it, what do you need?"

Adam let out a low whimper that made Nigel move to the edge of the bed, damn near ready to throw on clothes and run over and make sure he was okay.

"It's never come early before. It hurts."

"Gorgeous, do you have… have you got toys or something?"

"Y-yes. I… They aren't…"

"Adam…" Nigel swallowed, his mouth dry. "Do you want me to come over?"

"No!" Adam quickly exclaimed, stabbing through Nigel's chest. "I… I don't want you to see me like this… I…"

"Adam, what can I do?" Nigel moaned, clutching the phone tight to his ear.

"Are you my friend Nigel? I'm your friend, I think of you all the time. Even in the shower." Adam near sobbed and Nigel's heart broke for him. He couldn't imagine how hard an early heat would be for Adam. He wanted there to be something he could do.

"I am your friend Adam. I think of you too. I… I think of you in… in bed…" He heard Adam's breath hitch. His bit at his lower lip, not wanting to say anything that crossed a line for Adam, but wanting him so very desperately that he was already getting hard - as though he could scent the omega.

"Wha-what do you think of?" Adam asked, less tentative than an open - and breathless - curiosity.

Nigel moaned and fell onto his back, his free hand squeezing his hardening cock through his shorts. "I think about touching you gorgeous, I think about kissing you."

"Do-do you think about knotting me? I think about that sometimes."

"Fuck yes, baby, I think about that. I think about that a lot. I don't mean to… I… really like you."

I could be your alpha.

“Will you tell me about it? About knotting me?” The words came out in a rush and there was a shuffling noise, and then a little purr of pleasure and Nigel had the complete and overwhelming mental image of Adam - now riding his fingers. So he did the only thing he could and said the first words that came to his head -

Nigel squeezed his dick before fishing it out of his shorts and starting to stroke it slowly.

“First I’d nuzzle against your neck, breath you in deep as I spread your thighs. Then I’d kiss you, hard, as I grind our cocks together. I’d push my fingers inside you to feel how wet you are.”

There were little noises of pleasure on the other end of the line, encouraging him to stroke quicker.

“Are you touching yourself now Nigel?” Adam whimpered.

“Fuck yes, gorgeous.”

Adam whined and breathlessly added “Keep talking.”

“I’d want to suck you off, but I know you’d need my knot too bad, so I just gonna work my fingers into you for a bit baby, fill you up just a little - let you adjust and feel you clench around me until I have to be inside you so bad I can’t-”

“Alpha please…” Adam’s plea interrupted him.

“Fuck, Adam! I’d kiss you, I’d just keep kissing you and tasting that gorgeous mouth, eating up your smiles, as I pull my fingers out and slid my dick in. I know you’re gonna feel so hot, so hot, so perfect.” He closed his eyes tight shut as he jerked himself off thinking about what it would be like to knot Adam. “I’d want to be gentle, but we’re so desperate for each other, you need me so much.”

“Yes Alpha.” Adam’s words really did sound desperate and Nigel could hear the wet sounds of him fucking himself with something - maybe a knotting dildo.

“I’ll press you into the mattress, hold you down as I fuck you so hard baby, so hard. You’ll be begging… nnf…” Nigel was getting close to shooting his load. “I’ll keeping pushing deep into you until you’re begging for my knot and then-”

“Alpha!” Adam cried out on a long moan - Nigel’s balls tightened and his knot ached painfully as he came in his fist.

Nigel panted, trying to catch his breath as he listened to Adam doing the same on his end of the line. As they both came under control he asked -

“Adam, you doing okay?”

“Thank you Nigel.”

The line clicked dead.

*

Adam wasn't sure about sending the message. Really it wasn't any of Nigel's business, but the man had said he cared for him, had described knotting him until he had cum, and it had been the most satisfying release of his heat so far.

And now he was desperate.

It had never been like this before, Maybe it was his heat coming early, maybe it was his feelings for Nigel. But there were moments he felt like he might die, and it had only gotten worse since talking with Nigel.

He spent a day knotting himself with toys, crying and trying not to call Nigel.

In the end he did something he had considered in the past but never seriously, more an idle curiosity over what it might be like to share his heat with someone else.

He called a service.

Adam sat wringing his hands waiting for the beta to arrive. He was leaking slick and sweating. Despite knotting over and over with toys they just weren't doing it for him, each orgasm left him still unsatisfied so the next time he needed it, it was ever more elusive. Maybe if someone was here in person - a beta with an artificial scent and a knotting ring might be just enough to see him through.

Even so, his mind jumped to Nigel and he let out a sigh and a gentle sob. He so desperately wanted to ask this of him, but there was no way he could. He had already asked more of him than he had any right to. It wasn't as if Nigel was his alpha.

You're not my alpha...

Adam shuddered, and then startled as his phone beeped.

He wiped his brow and then dried his hands on the blanket he had around his waist. He shook as he picked up the phone, not sure if he would prefer it to be the service saying his beta had arrived, or them saying there was some sort of problem. He had not been expecting it to be Nigel.

~Adam, I just need to know you are ok, please message me back.

Adam whined, he'd had a few messages but hadn't responded. He really should set Nigel's mind at rest.

~I'm fine Nigel. Please don't worry, I've ordered a beta from a service. I will be fine.

He had only just set the phone down when it started to ring. He frowned at it before picking it up and reading that the caller was Nigel.

"Hello?"

“Adam please don’t do this.”

“Nigel? I don’t understand.” Adam was too frazzled from his unsatisfied heat to even attempt to understand.

“Don’t use a service, please Adam.”

“But I… I don’t feel well, I need more than a toy. I-”

“Not a service, though. Adam please. I… I just… I don’t want you to do that.”

Adam frowned, a little frustrated and angry at Nigel’s words - “Nigel, you don’t have a say in this. You’re not my alpha.”

There was a pause and Adam knew the expected thing would be for Nigel to agree - that that was true. He wasn’t his alpha.

“I could be.” Nigel’s words rumbled and Adam shuddered. He felt a small wave of slick surge between his legs.

“Alpha.” He pleaded.

“Fuck. Adam, call the service and cancel, I’m on my way.”

Adam whined and nodded, finally answering once he realised Nigel wouldn’t see his non-verbal reply. “Yes, okay Nigel.”

The phone clicked and then there was a knock on the door.

*

Nigel wasn’t sure he’d ever run so damn fast in his entire life. Poor Abigail must have wondered what the fuck was going on as he shoved the keys in her hand and raced out the door despite the queue.

He was glad he was at work which was at least a few blocks closer to Adam’s apartment than if he’d come from his own. He couldn’t even remotely give a single shit about the Christmas shoppers who were currently overwhelming Abigail, he’d make sure she had extra in her paypacket. But for now his only focus was getting to Adam.

He was glad to find the door open, assuming it to be for him, but was startled to find a beta male stood in the living room completely misreading Adam. It was clear as soon as he saw the scene before him that the beta had arrived to find Adam naked but for a towel and ready to be serviced, and was interpreting his nervous upset as part of his heat.

“Get away from him.” Nigel growled more savagely than he had intended. This guy was just here to do his job, he had to try and remember that, as much as he wanted to rip his arms off in that moment. Both the beta and Adam turned to look at him.

“What the-” The beta started.

“Alpha.” Adam sighed out in relief and pulled the towel around his waist a little tighter, as though attempting to regain some control.

“Hey man, I don’t want any trouble…” The beta held up his hand and they circled each other until he was next to the door. “Sir, are you happy for me to leave you with this man?”

Adam nodded and whined and Nigel scented the slick wetting his thighs. “He’s my alpha.”

Nigel puffed out his chest as warm feelings flooded through him at the words. The beta nodded and backed out the door, closing it firmly behind him.

The presence of the interloper had Nigel near incensed, and thankful that it hadn’t been another alpha - he wasn’t sure what he would have done. As it was all he wanted to do was knot and claim Adam. Mark him as his so that this could never happen again. He wanted to be the only person to ever see Adam through his heats now and forever.

“Alpha.” Adam whimpered, letting the towel drop to reveal his entirely naked and flushed form, his inner thighs glistening from the slick and his cock bobbing.

“Adam.” Nigel growled, his hands working at his jeans as he moved forward. He needed to knot Adam now as much as the omega needed him.

It was insane, they’d been friends for weeks and maybe with time he would have worked out whether Adam actually liked him or not and asked him for a date. Maybe Adam might have asked him. He hadn’t ever intended this, as much as he wanted it.

But none of that mattered anymore, they were here in this moment and Adam wanted him.

He pulled Adam to him as he still struggled with his pants, the omega pressing a kiss to his lips that Nigel returned hungrily. Exploring and plundering Adam’s mouth as they worked their way to the sofa. When their legs hit it Adam broke off of him and turned, moving onto the sofa until he was leaning over the high arm of it, looking back over his shoulder with a pleading gaze.

Nigel ripped his fly so hard that a button sprang off and scattered across the floor, and he was finally able to free himself. He managed his jeans down to his thighs before he moved behind Adam and lined himself up with his wet and presented sex.

And then he hesitated. “Are you sure Adam?”

In response Adam whined and pushed himself back until Nigel’s cock was pressed against him, the tip teasingly entering him just a little. It made Nigel groan as he took hold of the omega’s hips and continued to slid inside him.

It was quick but not rough - desperate. As they both chased that connection and Nigel sought to give Adam what he needed. His knot filled so quickly it left him dizzy. He’d never been with an omega already so deep into their heat before, it felt like it was consuming him. His body moved on instinct as his mind considered the next day or so when he could do this over and over for Adam, for *his* Adam.

The omega was babbling, almost incoherent as he begged and writhed until Nigel finally pushed his knot inside, locking them together and continuing shallow thrusts until Adam shuddered beneath him and he felt the pulsing of muscles around his cock as Adam drew him deeper and pulled his orgasm from him.

They remained that way for a few minutes, catching their breath and sensitive, every little movement drawing a wince and a whine, and at one point, another ograsm from Nigel. When they were able, Nigel gently pulled Adam with him and shifted them to lay on their sides on the thankfully wide sofa.

He nuzzled into the side of Adam's neck, causing his scent to erupt all the more, and humming his pleasure at it.

Adam chuckled lightly, sinking back into Nigel's arms - "this was a different order, to what you described. You should have started with nuzzling my neck."

Nigel grinned against Adam's skin. "True. Well, we have plenty of time to do over."

"I liked it this way too."

"Mmhmm. I'm just happy to help."

Adam sighed. "Thank you Nigel, that feels much better." the omega wriggled on his knot and Nigel's balls drew up and pumped again, spilling further inside Adam at the renewed friction. They both moaned and then Adam sighed again. "I think this would work much better than a knotting dildo. And also, you can do another thing that the dildo can't."

"Yeah?" Nigel frowned even as he continued to beam stupidly.

"You can make me cozonac between knottings." Adam giggled at his little joke.

"Adam, if it makes you happy, I'll make it every fucking day for you."

Nigel had spoke with an absolute conviction, warmed by the smile he could see spreading on Adam's lips. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for Adam Raki.

His omega.

Love and thanks to TCBook who did this!

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